

Spring Diet Event

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Spring Diet Event

by [AimsKnight06](#)

Summary

It's time for the three piggies to get more vegetables in their diet. And who better to help with that than a scientist?

Notes

I said I was an irreverent shitposter.

Chapter 1: Intro Scene: Spring Brings...

Chapter Summary

Spring is waking up from hibernation, from the leanness of winter... or, in our case...

"Did you notice something?" Noya snickers to his twin.

"What?" Parrah asks, not totally interested.

"Even though the writer doesn't really like Mermy, it's actually the Little Pigs that get the least screentime," The darker puppet chuckles, waving around his data pad, "Kinda ironic."

"Who cares. Spring is here!" Parrah waves around a featherduster, "That means... dieting!"

"Dieting? Since when?" Noya tilts his head.

"Think about it. Spring is before summer, swimsuit season! During winter, everyone's getting all fat from eating and sleeping in their house nowadays, so you need Spring to actually tone yourself in time for the beach nudes!"

"Ah, so this is preparation for more swimsuit events!" Noya's eyes light up with immediate understanding, "Alright, what do we do?"

"Well, everyone knows there's a ton of diets these days and none of them work so everyone's swapping to medicine that they'll need to take for the rest of their lives and drain their bank account," Parrah shrugs, "Raid a pharma company?"

"That's ...not a diet," Noya scribbles something on a notepad, "But we can have that happen for another event."

"Well, fine, let's have an actual scientist test some diet stuffs and bring us the results! Then we can use that to bring in the photogenic money!"

"You realize we only have *one* scientist, right?" Noya sighs.

That was true. And she was terrible.

"Just call the whacko up."

Chapter 2: Verse 1: The Hypothesis

Chapter Summary

The first step of the scientific method is...

Dorothy stands before a mess of papers tacked onto a foam board set up on an easel in front of the Three Little Pigs. She's like a teacher for the three younger Characters.

"Alright, listen up! The method to weight loss is complex and diverse! For example, I could use time travel to go back in time and starve you. I could even jump to a different timeline where you were simply fit!" The scientist jabbars on, "The possibilities are endless!"

The three piggies exchange glances with one another. The just-right sized one raises her hand.

"Yes?" Dorothy flicks her pointer at her.

"But... I'm already fine!"

"Yes, yes, one of you always is... but the problem is that not all three of you are! And you are essentially a single entity, no?" Dorothy sighs like she's explaining something basic, "Two of you are always bound to be too fat or too skinny. It's the same conundrum with Goldilocks and the three ridiculous ursines..."

"I want porridge!" The chubbiest pig suddenly raises her hand at the mention of that other fairy tale.

"No, we will be trying an experiment today on a specific diet... only vegetables!" Dorothy announces.

"Ehh..." The three Pigs sound unenthused.

"It's one of the oldest ideas that we'll be testing. Given the rise of plant-based diets, we should be more than able to construct an entire meal plan around nothing than good old vegetables," The scientist adjusts her glasses smugly, "There are conflicting theories on the nutritional benefit and possible muscle loss, et cetera, but I'll log those down in discussion notes for review."

"Veggies..." The three Pigs look among one another with mixed expressions.

"I'll eat anything," Says the chubbiest.

"Uuu, but veggies are booring ..." Says the middle.

"I like dessert... and vegetables aren't dessert," Sighs the thinnest.

"I anticipated this might happen, so we will be going off on a small excursion for you to eat various vegetables, not just the typical ones. That wouldn't be stimulating enough," Dorothy waves her pointer around triumphantly, "Your power of Gluttony allows you to eat just about anything with no consequence, correct?"

"Well, we also need to purge after..."

"That would defeat the point of a diet, so I will need you to refrain from that," The scientists says bluntly, "Now, let us commence!"

Dorothy pulls out a small device from her pocket and cranks a dial before inputting something on it. The scenery around them begins to change. All of a sudden, they find themselves in a desert.

"Eh?" The piggies look around curiously.

"Our first test subjects will be... arriving shortly," Dorothy glances out with binoculars into the distance at what looks to be a tomato and zucchini with googly eyes bouncing around the sands.

Chapter 3: Verse 2: Short-lived Veggies

Chapter Summary

Veggie Tales was a weird franchise.

Chapter Notes

I'll be honest, I barely remember anything about Veggie Tales save like 2 religious allegories and one movie about pirates lol
But I'm also not aiming to do them any justice since they are just fodder :3

"Whew, Bob... Are you sure we're going the right way?" Larry the cucumber asks his rotund red friend.

"The map clearly says to head west," Bob shows the cucumber the map he was holding without any hands or arms, "C'mon, Pa Grape left us a very clear trail!"

"I don't see any trail out here!" The cucumber sighs.

"Well, t-" Bob squints off into the distance at what appears to be a cloud of sand arising, "What is that??"

The two veggies stare as the cloud comes closer. It doesn't seem to be a sand devil, being a bit too small. Nonetheless, Bob hurriedly yells for Larry to hurry away and they both begin bouncing off in the opposite direction to escape the incoming sand.

The vegetables are unfortunately no match in speed against the three ravenous piggies.

"Waugh!!" Larry and Bob shriek as the three piggies tackle them both over like wolves on prey.

"Woah, these're sooo big!!" The chubbiest pig drools with sparkling eyes.

Indeed, Bob and Larry were no ordinary vegetables. Bob was easily as tall as one pig, and much wider. Larry was about an additional half of that height and skinnier since he's a cucumber.

"Mm, size is one thing but..." The middle pig licks her lips.

"... Taste is another!" The skinniest bites into the tomato skin.

"AAAARGH!!!" Bob screams in pain. Larry's cries are not far behind.

"T-THEY'RE EATING MEEEEEE!!!"

"OH GOD AAH DON'T- AAAAAAGH!!!"

"Wow, such interesting specimens! Sapient vegetables!" Dorothy catches up to watch the carnage of vegetable juice go flying, "Ah, it's a cucumber, not a zucchini, I see..."

She seems wholly unbothered as the veggies scream for their lives whilst being eaten. It only takes a few minutes before there's nothing left of Bob or Larry anymore, save tomato and cucumber juice staining the sand and the piggies' mouths and clothes.

"... I'm still hungry," The chubbiest pig pouts, "Vegetables aren't filling at all!"

"Well, a majority of their make up is fiber and water," Dorothy shrugs, "Anyway, it seems you've at least gorged a bit on some larger specimens. But, since you're yet to be satiated, we can find a more plentiful area, maybe."

"Can we get a milkshake?" The skinniest pig sighs, "I don't even feel full enough to purge..."

"You can have a kale smoothie in the next world," Dorothy takes out her device and cranks it up again. They vanish from the desert world in a flash, leaving nothing but the drying juice stain on the sand.

The piggies open their eyes now and see a vast field of green interrupted only by what look to be neatly farmed squares of land... covered with various planted rows of normal-looking vegetables.

Chapter 4: Verse 3: Alice No-Fingers

Chapter Summary

This is an old game I loved playing. Very glitchy, though

Alice Greenfingers moved out from the city to help take over a farm owned by her family. She was a greenfinger for sure, since her skill meant being able to grow plants faster and better than everyone else. Her first crop of tomatoes easily expanded into bell peppers, pumpkins, corn, and squash. There were also chickens and other animals here, too. Everyday was a new day of work to keep the place running, from tilling ground, to sowing seeds, and so on.

But the secret lay in something Alice called the Cursor. It was some magic force that pointed and would magically make plants appear, along with tilled soil, and other things. So long as she moved where it told her to and did what it pointed at, she was sure to be successful.

Unfortunately, today, as she got up and out to survey the land in the morning, she is greeted by an utter collapse of her farming efforts.

The cornfields are being decimated at a rapid rate by... something. Whatever it is seems to be devouring all the stalks, ears, husks, and all!

"Oh, my!" Alice clutches her pearls in shock, "What *is* that?!"

She grabs a pitchfork and runs out to confront the source of trouble as it nears her next field of vegetables. She has to stop this menace right here and now!

"Cursor, please guide me!" She pleads as she feels herself quaking in her boots.

There is no answer.

From the decimated corn fields, three shapes shoot out with gleaming eyes ravenous for more. Alice gives a shrill scream as they fall upon her with undying appetite.

Smack! Gobble! Gulp.

"No, no, no!" Dorothy sighs, shaking her head at the unruly test subjects, "You were only supposed to consume the digitally constructed vegetables! Not the farmer!"

"... she tastes like vegetables," The middle pig says with a full mouth as she gnaws on a bloody and dismembered arm.

"... well, that is true that she likely was an herbivore... for the sake of this experiment, then, I will consider her a vegetable," Dorothy notes down, "After all, you are what you eat."

The three Pigs giggle at that.

"The next place will be a bit more tropical. So it won't be vegetables, but moreso fruits that you will be encountering," Dorothy checks her dial again.

"What's so special about fruits?" The fattest asks.

"Yeah... it's like this corn," The skinniest flicks aside an uneaten ear, "It's nothing special... not like those talking ones we ate first."

"Well, yes. These appear fairly commonplace... but the key lay in their production, see!" Dorothy points at the fields around them, "No single human could possibly manage all this. That is why I say these are digital constructions. She likely had help from some extraplanar power!"

"Extra... pla...?" The skinniest pig tilts her head.

"Extra p..." The fattest looks to her sisters.

"Extra pineapple!" The middle pig shouts eagerly.

"Ahem, anyway, the next place will be similar. Allegedly, the fruits we will encounter are grown by none other than primitive simiods!" Dorothy chuckles and presses the button, teleporting them all out of the now owner-less farm.

Chapter 5: Verse 4: Tropical Nightmare

Chapter Summary

Loved playing this game too. I didn't get to enjoy the sequel much unfortunately

The sun is it's usual orange on Sunset Island. The monkey, satisfied with his solitary persimmon tree growing here, takes his trusty raft over to Waterfall Island to see how his girlfriend is doing. They had recently discovered new islands aside from the five they initially got with their hard-earned sand dollars, and were preparing for their next seafaring adventure.

Each island grew a different kind of fruit. The starter island grew bananas. Another island grew coconuts. Waterfall island grew pineapples.

When the monkey arrived to Waterfall Island, he is shocked to see the bushes typically bountiful with pineapples are all but gone. There are suspicious tracks in the sand leading towards the waterfall basin, where his luxury house was.

He chitters and rushes through the leafy foliage covered with bite marks. Coming to the basin, he finds discarded skins of many pineapples strewn about the ground. Local large spiders are also lying around, curled up and dead. His house is still okay, though.

Climbing up the nearby lianas, he hops onto the deck of his elevated luxury house built from dried and hollow cane plants bound together. He calls for his girlfriend and is greeted by a meek chittering inside.

To his relief, he finds his girlfriend unharmed. She'd hid under some boxes used for storing bananas. Now all those bananas are gone, reduced to mere skins.

He asks her animatedly what happened. She gesticulates that four strangers came upon the island and three of them ate everything they could. They even kidnapped his friend, the crab, to roast for dinner.

The monkey angrily jumps up and down. He's about to go ballistic with coconuts and pelt the intruders down like he had many a boss enemy.

However, his girlfriend pleads him to reconsider. The people that came were not normal. They looked somewhat like them, with arms and legs like theirs. But they were so much stronger... she is sure that, if he were to confront them, he would only end up worse off.

The monkey is saddened to hear his girlfriend didn't believe in him. But, looking around again at the carnage, he feels his own instinct tell him to listen to her.

The two of them agree to abandon their home and quickly move on to the new islands... in Tropix 2.

After Battle

Dorothy is marking down notes with a grumpy face by a campfire set up on Nightfall Island. She sighs loudly and glances to see the piggies enjoying their little barbecue of crab, puffer fish, and piranhas.

"In the end, you three really must veer towards meat, hm?" Dorothy taps her pen on paper impatiently, "No wonder you could never diet."

"We like eating balanced meals!" The middle pig protests.

"Yeah! And we know how to diet!" The fattest one says eagerly.

"We'll just purge after!" The skinniest one smiles.

"The creatures here are interestingly aware, even the fish... and the simiods... well, we unfortunately didn't meet any of them that I could collect for dissection," Dorothy speaks into a recorder as if she were a field researcher taking vocal notes, "However, the record of their achievements is clear. They had an entire island home made, and it was human-grade construction work. They were even able to cultivate fruits like how a farmer would for food. This world could warrant more study into parallel intelligence..."

"Where are we going next, anyway?" The fattest one asks as she spits out the crab cartilage.

"Well... since the first excursion was so successful, we can see if we can't replicate it. I have just the place..." Dorothy takes out her teleport device and begins changing its input, "It ought to be good data all the same, even if the vegetables are not as big."

Chapter 6: Verse 5: Eating Babies

Chapter Summary

Farm heroes was fun

Amelia the pig, Hunter the dog, and Choochoo the chick were going about their usual business about the farm. Harvest season is upon them, and the baby vegetables of the farm always need help, whether it's being watered and fed or being thrown into a basket.

But these aren't ordinary vegetables. These were sapient and like actual babies. Every carrot had cute eyes that sparkled with newborn wonder and a tiny mouth with teeth coming in. When you fed and watered them, or picked them up, they giggled like a baby would.

Honestly, it's kind of bizarre. Who could eat such a cutie?

Dorothy looks over a batch of babbling baby onions in a shed they teleported into on the other side of some silos while the three piggies were making short work of some old harvest. The baby vegetables let out high-pitched wails as they are eaten, though it falls on death ears.

"Hmm... You know, one of the oldest tricks in the Taro book post-Nier is making sympathetic enemies," Dorothy muses to herself as she scans an onion baby, "This should have a similar effect. These infantile vegetables might make one think twice about consuming them."

"There's taro?" The fattest pig turns to look at her with carrot leaves hanging out of her mouth.

"Well, clearly it means nothing to you three gluttons," Dorothy taps her head.

"These are so tender and yummy!" The middle pig says with glee.

"Could use some ranch sauce," The skinniest wipes her mouth.

"At least you actually seem satiated with this, hmm... perhaps sapient vegetables give you the simulation of eating something that can scream and move like animals," Dorothy hypothesizes.

"Say, Miss Dorothy?" The fattest pig asks, "Why are you taking us on this diet trip anyway?"

"Scientific research, mostly. Also gave me the funding I needed to visit these worlds," Dorothy shrugs and waves the device in hand, "Alright, ready for the next place?"

However, the Middle pig suddenly swipes the device from her hand and curiously fiddles with it.

"Ooh, we could use this to go somewhere way more fun!" She exclaims.

"Oh, oh, like where??" The skinniest looks with interest.

"Let me see!" Exclaims the fattest.

"Hey! Give that back!!" Dorothy tries to wrest it back from the three Pigs.

Hunter raises an ear and barks to Amelia and Choochoo, "I hear crying from inside the storage shed! Let's go check it out!"

When the three arrive to the barn, they are shocked by a flash that sparks through the open door and windows. It is gone as fast as it came. Worried, the three farm heroes rush in and see only a small batch of surviving onion babies left crying. The rest had all been devoured, leaving only scraps.

Chapter 7: Verse 6: Garden Escape

Chapter Summary

There are things always being discovered in these new areas, or something.

Austin the butler is chatting leisurely with Colin the stonemason after some hard work that was just finished by the master near the new fountain area they'd just opened. Renovations are underway, and they discuss the style of architecture for decoration. It's a perfect day to take it easy... which is what Austin does everyday while the master of the house does all the work.

"How about a more Hellenic design?" Austin asks, pointing at something in the catalogue.

Colin takes off his hard hat briefly to scratch his balding head and shrugs, "Going classic, huh? That's fine. Sure you don't just want something more brutalist? Simple, clean?"

"That would be much more perfect for someplace like the Treehouse... unfortunately, that can't support the weight of marble and granite," Austin sighs, "Speaking of the Treehouse, why not take a look while you're here? My mother is probably chatting the day away with Martha there right now."

"Oh, I couldn't. I got other jobs to attend to," Colin waves a hand in denial, "You remember that Winston guy that turned detective? I'm pretty sure he's been watching a whole lot of us in case we litter or something. Can you believe that?"

"Do you litter?"

"Of course not! But I can't help it if my work creates dust!" Colin throws his hands up in the air.

Suddenly, in the trimmed hedge nearby of the Maze Garden section, there is a flash of light so bright that even the tea-drinkers can see it from two sections away. Austin stands quickly.

"What was that? It couldn't be the master..." He hurriedly strides thataway. Colin follows along apprehensively.

The two men hear yapping from that of a dog, as well as the worried shouts of the local carpenter as they take a round into the first section of the hedge maze, right before the heart of the labyrinth.

Robbie the carpenter is worriedly bent over Peter, the local senior citizen aside from Austin's father. The old man is lying motionless on the ground. Peter's dog, Archibald, is yapping like mad around his owner. Surrounding them, the carefully trimmed hedges that Rich labored

over have been torn through recklessly in one direction and heavily singed in all others. There is a blackened splotch on the earth a meter or so away, and the area smells of burning.

"Holy..." Colin breathes in shock.

"Rob! What happened??" Austin runs over to the carpenter, "What happened to Mr. Waters??"

"I think he was taking Archie for a walk when he had a heart attack!" Robbie urgently looks up at the butler, "Something probably scared the life outta him... call an ambulance."

"Rrr..." Archibald worriedly licks Peter's face. The old man still has one eye open, and it twitches grotesquely as foam gathers at the edge of his bluish lips.

While Austin frantically calls the hospital, Colin looks with caution through the hole in the hedge wall. If he didn't know better, it looked like a bunch of termites or something munched right through it. Whatever it was also is what sent Peter into shock, probably.

Glancing down the first hole, he pales seeing peacock feathers and blood strewn among the hedges. Only two peacocks exist in the whole garden.

"Grr! Let... Go!!" Dorothy growls, rolling around with the pigs in a cartoonish dust-ball as she pulls and yanks for her device back, "Look where you've gotten us!!"

"Peh!" The skinniest pig spits out a mouthful of hedge leaves, "Eww... oh, something tastes like chicken!"

They roll right into the Gazebo area, splashing into the shallow water. Frogs and dragonflies scatter at their intrusion. Dorothy flinches as one of the pigs bite her hand and kick her away.

"We wanna go..."

"...Somewhere yummy!"

"Oh, no you DON'T!!" Dorothy lunges as the pigs click the button and that flash of light comes again as they warp space and teleport away.

Jane is inspecting some elements of Claire's plane on the nearby arch above the waterways of the garden. The two see the flash nearby and run over to look down at the area. All that remains are charred lily pads, dead frogs, and fish by the ruined gazebo. In the distance, at the streets surrounding the garden, an ambulance can be heard pulling into the avenue.

Chapter 8: Verse 7: Ruining Hansel and Gretel

Chapter Summary

Three piggies story has wolves but no witches. They aren't scared of them

"Ugh! You've made a fine mess of things!!" Dorothy finally manages to get her device back from the Pigs after the struggle. Following that drop into the garden world, they rolled into yet another teleport and now have been dumped into a dense forest of some kind. Their wet clothes are covered in leaves and dirt from tussling and teleporting so haphazardly.

The scientist surveys the area and looks over her battered device with irritation, "... Great, I have to recalibrate this... hold on..."

"... I didn't like these leaves," The fattest pig says with a mouthful of hedge.

"Those birds were yummy, though!" The medium pig grins and picks her teeth.

"Well, that's what you get for going to a gardening world with no vegetables," Dorothy scowls as she works on her device, "Hm...? This is..."

The skinniest pig sniffs the air and her sisters join in. While Dorothy is occupied, the three Pigs slip off to follow the smell of something delicious nearby.

Lo and behold, the three piggies find an entire house made of candy and biscuit just sitting around in the forest.

"FINALLY!!" The three Pigs leap upon the house and get to work.

The witch inside was preparing some ingredients for her stew made of children's bones when she suddenly hears a lot of crunching and munching. Cookie dust from her roof sprinkles down.

That can't be children eating! Is a *bear* attacking her house??

She picks up her broom and is about to step out of her front door to check when the back section of her house caves in, breaking her oven and stove. She looks incredulously at the three piggies lapping away at the sugar-glazed butter cookie shingles atop the rest of sugary debris.

"WHO THE HELL ARE YOUUU?!" She screeches, brandishing her broom as a weapon.

"Ah! A bag of bones!" The medium pig points.

"Let's make her into soup!"

Inter Battle: Wave 5/5 - vs. Witch

Witch: AARRRGH you damn brats!!!

Witch: My house!!

Fat Pig: Don't worry!

Medium Pig: You'll have your house back...

Skinny Pig: ...Once you're in our stomach, too!

After Battle

Dorothy finally tracks down the Pigs once she realized they had left her in the forest where they crashed. It's not hard if you follow any sweet smell. Such are simple-minded creatures.

The scientist finds the three Pigs finishing off the remains of the Witch and her candy house. Ants are joining in on eating the crumbs.

"... well, so much for my controlled experiment!" Dorothy throws her hands up in the air, "Great, and my device is stuck on reboot after all the rough handling!"

"Don't worry so much!" The medium pig waves a huge chocolate wafer rock.

"Yeah, have some candy!" The skinniest one licks her fingers of the witch's blood.

Suddenly, a vile wind blows over and the ground under them practically jumps from something large lumbering closer and closer. The canopy of the trees overhead rustle and are scattered as something large brushes roughly over them, sending leaves everywhere. Dorothy looks up to see what appears to be giant chicken legs, at least 8 meters tall, straddling over their clearing. They are attached to some kind of flat surface...

A cackling ensues and gaunt and wrinkly woman sitting in a huge mortar and holding an equally oversized pestle appears before the Characters. She glares with red eyes at the piggies savoring their meal.

"You ... you ate my sister?!" She screeches in appalled rage.

Chapter 9: Verse 8: Children of the Very Edible Corn (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

This should be the same levels of crack as Robot Chicken's parody lol
Or maybe something else

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The decrepit hag that landed before them seems livid at the three piggies snacking away on the remains of the witch and her candy house. Dorothy folds her arms, tapping her head for a moment. Then, the blazing sign on her forehead flashes, like a light bulb going off.

"Ah, this house and your poor choice of vehicles... you must be Baba Yaga!" Dorothy points out easily.

"Are you mocking me?! You crazy lot ate my sister! And her house!!" Baba Yaga screeches.

The fattest pig unhelpfully lets out a loud belch, which spits out a bit of undigested bone.

"Gluttons will be gluttonous, unfortunately," Dorothy sighs, "They can't stick to a diet."

"... so, you brats like to eat, hm?" Baba Yaga snarls at the piggies, showing her iron teeth.

"Yep!" The middle pig raises her hand cheerily.

There is an opportunity to use the stupid flaws in dumb children against themselves. This lot can't be easy to trifle with if they took down her sister so swiftly... best to find something dangerous that could just kill them all.

"I know a nice place where you can eat a lot of *corn*," Baba Yaga cackles with a wicked and wrinkly grin, "Doesn't that sound nice?"

"... candy corn?" The skinniest pig asks hopefully.

"Corn is a perfect idea!" Dorothy's sigil flashes again, "It's so mass-produced that the quantity is sure to satisfy even more! Not to mention the modifications made to change its nutritional content..."

"Yes, yes, anyway, I know a place you dearies can go and eat a lot of corn. What do you say?" Baba Yaga asks.

"... didn't we just eat her sister?" The middle pig looks to Dorothy and then back to Baba Yaga, "Why do you want to feed us more?"

"Well, we weren't *that* close," Baba Yaga dismissively waves a hand, "Anyway, do you want to eat corn or not?"

"Sure!" The three piggies say in oblivious unison.

"Where do you propose finding so much corn, by the way?" Dorothy asks, just going along with it for experiment reasons, "These are forestlands. They are unable to cultivate large amounts of crop. I mean, unless you somehow know what GMOs are..."

"Get in my house and I'll take you where you need to be," Baba Yaga snaps her fingers and a ladder descends from between the chicken legs, "One at a time. Up you go."

"Yippee, corn!" The fattest pig climbs first, "With lots of butter, and cheese..."

"I like it popped!" The medium pig goes up after.

"Corn soufflé, corn cake..." The skinniest drools as she follows.

Dorothy climbs up last. She casts a knowing look of suspicion at Baba Yaga as the witch prepares to take off back into her house. Baba Yaga scoffs, revs up her mortar, and flies up to the front door. Dorothy hastily climbs the ladder, after which she arrives in the interior of the witch's house. Once she enters, the hole in the floor and ladder vanish to seal them in.

It's a snug wooden abode, with open walls separating the few rooms. There is a cauldron bubbling away in the living room, doubling as a kitchen. Herbs and odd ingredients hang from the ceiling. There is a single bedroom and a water closet. The three piggies take instant interest in the cauldron. Baba Yaga enters through the front door to see them licking the cauldron rim.

"Hey! Stop that!!!" The witch grabs a broom and bonks the piggies on the head.

"Owie!"

"Sit down and don't touch anything! Or no corn!!!"

"Awww..."

"Hmm... rather old-fashioned... so where are we going and how is this outdated thing going to take us there?" Dorothy looks around, not impressed.

"Oh, shut up for a moment and let me get my steering orb..." The witch shuffles into her bedroom. Dorothy follows in interest. The three piggies obediently sit at the dining table, though they look ready to throw a tantrum.

Dorothy sees the witch sit before a low table in a small study set up in the corner of the bedroom. The table has a glass orb sitting on a trivet. Baba Yaga flutters her fingers in a few movements around the artifact, and it glows, showing an odd and unfamiliar map.

"To Gatlin we go!" Baba Yaga cackles.

"Gatlin?" Dorothy blinks, "That sounds familiar..."

She was a girl from Kansas. Gatlin was... someplace in the neighboring state of Nebraska, wasn't it? They're going to America?

"Pfui, from how you dress, that's improbable you know those folk," Baba Yaga scoffs.

Dorothy's thoughts are interrupted as the entire structure around them begins to rumble and shake.

"We're... is this house running there?" Dorothy asks with a nervous smile of anticipation.

"Well, how else, dearie? This house can go anywhere!" Baba Yaga cackles.

The three piggies peer out from the living area window as some hanging pots and pans clatter and the cauldron spills a bit of brew from the rough jostling. They ooh and ahh as the world outside the house begins to move slowly, then suddenly get faster and faster as the chicken legs begin to run.

"Hmm, a bit more rudimentary than teleportation. Certainly not the smoothest of travels," Dorothy notes as she looks out the bedroom window, "Still, impressive for a hag like you!"

"You really need to control your flapping lips, dearie ☹..."

5 Minutes Later... In Gatlin, Nebraska

It was the longest five minutes Baba Yaga ever spent traveling. The three piggies wouldn't stop whining that they were hungry and Dorothy was no help whatsoever. She's glad beyond relief as her house finally stops.

"Alright, we're here!" The witch hurriedly announces and reopens the floor entrance with a ladder, "Get out, all of you!"

"Wooaah...!"

"...!" Dorothy gazes out as she descends upon the vast fields of corn that stretch far into the distance. It's like a sea of stalks that surround this small town under where the chicken-leg house has stopped. For the scientist, it is a familiar scenery to that of rural Kansas. They step foot onto the dry earth. Silence greets them, like that of a ghost town.

Once all her unruly guests have left, Baba Yaga bids them good riddance and hurriedly grabs her orb to get the heck out of here. She picked this spot specifically on the night of a Harvest Moon, and she didn't want to be around when *that thing* arises to eat these bratty Characters!

Dorothy watches as the chicken legs start up once again and hightails out of town. She sighs.

"Well, she probably didn't even notice I left a tracker in there... heh!" The scientist smirks.

"Woaaah, that nice and ugly lady wasn't lying!" The three Pigs look with awe at the cornfields around them, "There's so much corn! Even more than that farm world!"

"You three obviously don't deal with witches nearly enough," Dorothy looks around at the sparse and dilapidated surroundings of Gatlin, "Well, then... this is absolutely dismal. Look at these old wooden structures! Absolutely outdated and unkempt. I doubt they even have electricity here..."

The scientist checks her device. Still in reboot.

"Hmm... well, while we're stuck here, we may as well do a land survey and..."

She turns around and sees the three piggies have run off towards the corn fields. The scientist sighs. She squints a bit at the setting sun casting a bloody orange palette across the land. There seemed to almost be something dark and hazy rising from the corn...? Or is that merely a trick of the light playing with her retinas through some refractory phenomena...

Despite her attentions drawn elsewhere, Dorothy remains aware enough to notice a scuffle of feet coming at her from behind. She swiftly sidesteps the small shape that runs at her with a sickle. With a swipe of her silver slippers, she trips the attacker and they sprawl onto the ground.

"Hm?" She adjusts her lenses, "A child?"

Indeed, before her, a small child no older than 10 gets back on his feet. He's dressed in old-fashioned clothing, like that of an Amish style. His eyes fixate on her with blankness, and she can see the malice radiate off his body language.

From the periphery of her vision, the scientist sees several other small bodies emerge from the nearby buildings. They all have a similar malice, holding rudimentary bladed weapons usually used for farming. All of them are children, but they range from age and some seem to be teens.

"... What an interesting town," Dorothy smiles slyly and adjusts her lenses. Her other hand reaches under the folds of her cloak to tap the various syringes hanging beside the canisters for specimens on the belt clasped to her waist.

Inter-Battle: Wave 4/4 - vs. Gatlin Children

Dorothy: You kids aren't in your usual state of mind, are you?

Children: Adults... must die!

Children: For He Who Walks Behind the Rows!

Children: You are beyond the age of favor!

Dorothy: ... 'There's no place like home,' hm...?

After Battle

Despite her scholarly demeanor, Dorothy remains one of the strongest Characters in the Library. Defeating a bunch of crazy, scythe-wielding kids is no problem. It takes a few minutes, but she's knocked down all the kids by the end of it.

"Alrighty then... You've piqued my interest," Dorothy smiles as she picks up a knife from a fallen child, "That was some cultish zeal back there. Is it something wrong with their brains? I'll have to investigate this thoroughly..."

Some of the attackers hidden still nearby hold back in any further ambush when they see Dorothy start cracking open the heads of the fallen children to access their cerebral matter.

The last of the sun sets in the bloody sky above the ground that is slowly stained by dark rivulets.

Chapter End Notes

Whew, it's nice to go back to writing this crack after vacation

Chapter 10: Verse 9: Children of the Very Edible Corn (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

Okay, that got way gorier than I thought. But at least it's true to the original story's nature

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Nn... Nom! Ow!!"

The fattest piggie flinches, rubbing her sore jaw. She and her sisters have run smack dab into the middle of the many rows of corn in the densely planted field.

"Hn?" The medium piggie looks to her sister, "What's wrong? Why aren't you eating?"

"The stalk poked my gums!" The fattest pouts.

"... This corn is weird," The skinniest picks at one of the leaves on the stalk, "It doesn't smell like corn... and all the stalks are perfect. There's no bugs or anything here."

"Maybe they used too much pesticide?" The middle piggy shrugs, "It should still taste good, though?"

"Doesn't no smell mean it's not good?" The fattest pig sniffs, "You're right! They don't smell sweet at all!"

The skinniest pig looks back in the direction that she thinks they came in. But they are completely enclosed. All the walls of stalks surrounding them look the same. And it's getting dark now. Overhead, a harvest moon has risen and hangs in the sky.

"Hnn... I think we're lost," The skinniest says, tilting her head.

"... well, let's do what we do best when we encounter a problem?" The middle pig asks enthusiastically.

"WE EAT IT!!"

The Pigs begin their voracious feast of ill-advised gluttony. While initially put off by the unnatural corn field, their nature as eaters allows them to get past it easily enough. Stalk by stalk, they work like termites in eating the field up.

"Mmf... yeah, this doesn't... taste like anything!" The middle one says with a mouth full of husks.

"Hmm? What's that?" The fattest one looks up as she eats her way into a small clearing.

The three piggies look up to see four figures crucified like scarecrows in the corn field. The piggies couldn't see them ahead of time since they weren't tall enough to look over the stalks. Three of the four crucified appears to be male, with one being a woman in a ragged dress. Two of the bodies are entirely skeletons while the woman and another man appear to be merely desiccated and rotting. Despite rotting, there are no flies nor maggots on the flesh. All four corpses have their eyes gouged out and corn husks stuffed into their mouths.

"Ehh..." The piggies sniff the clearing, "Nn... it's not fresh at all..."

The fattest one is the most enthusiastic, "They're like *skerpikjöt*! We can still eat the meat left!"

The skinniest is apprehensive, "What did this to them, though? This isn't a *hjallur*..."

"... what's that?" The middle piggy points.

Between the walls of stalks before them, a pair of malicious red eyes stares out. A huge, darkish green shape lunges out at the trio with a hellish howl and roar.

...

"Hmm... deformities of inbreeding... genetic corroboration... strain of underaged birth... how nostalgic, heh."

Dorothy draws herself up straight and wipes a few beads of sweat off her forehead, smearing it with blood from her hands. Her face shows a wry smile of expectation. She came from a similar backwaters place. Incest and sexual abuse of minors... is something people just do in these places. This is a bit more extreme an example, but it didn't surprise her.

"Such uneducated louts... I wonder what drove them to this... their brains weren't that anomalous... save for some congenital defects..." Dorothy glances at the few newer bodies she'd cut open, "An entire town of children? They kept muttering about killing all adults so they must have purged this entire town and now populate it themselves... to the extent that they marry and have children at such young ages... heh. Cultists to the point of idiocy!"

As she says that, light from a fire approaches where she'd committed a massacre in the seeming town square. A young boy leads a massive mob of children her way, armed with pitchforks, blades, and torches. Clashed to the boy's chest is a Bible. He looks very young, also, not older than 10. Some of the ones behind him look more haggard or worse off than others, and of varying ages on the younger spectrum. They all bear blank eyes of malice.

"You're the ringleader of this little cult?" Dorothy narrows her eyes at the Bible in the boy's hand, "Good grief, young minds really are too impressionable."

"Foolish woman!" The young boy speaks in a voice much more mature than his body, "You dare disturb our haven? You shall face our wrath... and He Who Walks Behind the Rows shall have your friends!!"

"I've already dissected a lot of you," Dorothy picks up a scythe and twirls it in hand, "But a few more samples never hurt."

In the field not too far away, there is a loud roar. All heads turn to see the monstrous shape emerge like a huge shadow with red eyes, towering above the corn field. It seems to be battling with the Three Piggies that zip around it with their weapons.

"Huh??" Some of the children gawk in fear.

"Isaac!" One young girl yells to the smaller boy, "What's going on?! He Who Walks hasn't killed them yet?!"

The young cult leader apparently named Isaac pulls out a knife from his Bible and stabs the girl in the abdomen. She drops to her knees with a cry and whimper, blood spilling onto the ground and staining her dress.

"Do not doubt He Who Walks Behind the Rows!!" Isaac shakes his blood knife menacingly, appearing more like a demon and less like a child by the second, "We must carry out his will! The corn will be pleased!!"

At his direction, the children turn their weapons towards Dorothy while the other battle rages in the corn field behind. Many of them still look scared, but none of them seem willing to defy Isaac.

Dorothy sighs, "Such fossilized minds in young bodies is really... Such a pity."

Inter-Battle: Wave 4/5 - vs. Isaac

Isaac: You will not destroy our prosperity!

Dorothy: You call this ugly mess of backwards life prosperity?!

Isaac: I will... live forever!!

Dorothy: The amount of stupidity in your one head is going to be wonderful to dissect!!

Inter-Battle: Wave 5/5 - vs. He Who Walks Between the Rows

Piggies: Dorothy!

Dorothy: Sorry to keep you waiting!

Dorothy: What say you we give him a taste of Matchie's medicine?

Piggies: Yay, grilled corn!!

After Battle

Using some essence of flame that she'd extracted from Matchie in an old experiment, Dorothy sets the entire corn field aflame. The monster roars in pain and panic as it is unable to escape, being tethered to the fields. The flames of the Little Match Girl are potent, being from the infernos of an embodiment of Hellfire herself. Despite the monster's size, the flames travel quickly to consume it. It flails wildly, trying to reach for Dorothy and the Piggies. However, the four had landed safely out of reach, on a dirt path that runs through the burning field.

"Koff... Hmf!" Dorothy pulls out gas masks from her bag of tricks and tosses three to the piggies so they can better watch the place burn, "So much for that!"

The fattest pig belches, "... That corn didn't taste very good."

"It smells nice though... like kettlecorn..." The skinniest takes a whiff of smoke and chokes before hurriedly putting on the offered gas mask.

"That ugly lady tried to feed us bad corn!" The middle pig gasps in realization.

"Hmm, you could be onto something about that witch..." Dorothy checks her tracker and then her teleporter, "Aha! It's back online. And I think we ought to pay that bag of bones a visit for all this trouble, don't you think?"

Chapter End Notes

Skerpikjöt is fermented lamb from Faroe Islands, usually hung in a shed called a hjallur until moldy. The piggies strike me as foodies so they probably spend a lot of time on YouTube watching Best Food Review Show or Anthony Bourdain hehe.

This overall negative view of Nebraska and Kansas is coming from a coastlander kek. It's also based off an RC skit on Wizard of Oz. And also a bit off the current American administration and their own little personality cult hehe.

Chapter 11: Verse 10: Candy Crushed

Chapter Summary

Have a sweet ending!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Baba Yaga was sure that those weird characters wouldn't survive the horror of the corn fields. She was sorely wrong.

As she's cleaning up her abode after her house ran on back to the site of her sister's untimely demise, she finds a small glowing gizmo stuck under her dining table.

"Hm? What's this? Some kind of beetle?" She squints at it between her fingers. With a huff, she stomps on it, crushing it under her heel.

"I'll have to call another coven to help me with the funeral. Bah, my sister should have had more sense than to make a house of sweets of all things!" Baba Yaga mumbles as she sweeps up the pieces with her magic broom.

Suddenly, there is a crackle of energy from where the dining table stands. Baba Yaga barely has time to yelp in surprise before, ta dah, Dorothy and the piggy trio land with a crash right in her living room. They bring with them a heavy odor of ash and smoke.

"AAH!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK HERE???!!!" Baba Yaga screeches, falling back on her ass in surprise.

Dorothy dusts herself off as she stands with a triumphant grin, "Haha! Thought you'd seen the last of us, I assume??"

"You threw us into a corn field when it wasn't even corn season!" The skinniest pig points at the witch accusingly, "No wonder nothing felt right in there!"

"That's not the major issue," Dorothy sighs.

"H-How did you survive?!" Baba Yaga balks in shock, "That thing should have made a meal of you lot!!"

"Well, it was nothing a bit of science and fire couldn't fix," Dorothy chuckles and gives a sinister smile, "Anyways... Now, how should we vivisection you in return for that trouble, hm?"

Chapter End Notes

I think I came to like writing Dorothy and the piggies more after all this. I know they collaborated in the Act of Sinoalice, but this was just me screwing around haha

Chapter 12: Outro: What Spring Brings

Chapter Summary

Melancholia, oddly

The piggies can be seen on Parrah and Noya's monitors as they decimate Wafer Wharf. They then scare the gummy octopus, Olivia, into giving them a ride on her Octoboat to Gingerbread Glade, which will soon be renamed to Glade of Crumbs.

"Sheesh, this game made bank, too. And look at them wrecking the place," Parrah scoffs.

"Meh, no skin off our backs," Noya looks to his twin, "So, should we start planning those swimsuits or what?"

"We have a bit of ways to go. This diet thing clearly didn't work," Parrah sighs and thinks a moment, "Guess it's time to break out the Ozempic and Wegovy."

"Spring isn't long, you know! Mild weather like this is vanishing around the world!" Noya points out, "It's the time of rebirth after winter, and planning what you gotta do for the new year!"

"When did you get all philosophical?"

"Must be the writer playing that Wisteria event from Path to Nowhere," Noya shrugs.

"But we did the Chinese New Year already!" Parrah smacks her twin, "Anyway, you said one thing right. We gotta think of the new events coming up!"

"Not swimsuits?" Noya stops his head spinning by stilling it with his hands, "Ooh, ooh, another death metal event!!"

"This ain't the season for death metal, blockhead!" Parrah thoroughly kicks that head off from its shoulders.

"... Hey, I got an idea," Noya blinks as his head rolls to a stop, "How about *you* go on a diet and put on a swimsuit this y-"

Parrah punts that head out the window entirely.

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